Out of The Woods by pages_of_altaire

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Summary:

There was an easy way to solve this, he thought one night and picked up the phone. He had no need for conversation or companionship, and his schedule was much too busy for love. What he needed was what anyone else needed, something primal and instinctual. A need that needed fulfillment.

What he needed was a professional.

He just hoped that it would be worth his time.

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1. Chapter 1

For the record, he knew how to do this once. He'd just forgotten *how* .

It started with some relatively mild sources of...inspiration. Like porn. 'There's no heartbreak in porn', or so the saying went. It was efficient and low maintenance, and promised him a very singular experience. It worked well enough for him to scratch his itch whenever the mood struck him.

Until he got slightly too high maintenance for it.

Then came the strip clubs.

Unfortunately, years of running a high-profile business has resulted in his face becoming too recognizable for the general public. This meant private rooms and the best dancers and non-disclosure agreements for days. It was definitely entertaining, and the perks that came with being wealthy was very enjoyable. But physical relationships with strippers proved to be a conflict of interest, not to mention a huge abuse of power. So, unwillingly, he found himself back at square one.

There was an easy way to solve this, he thought one night and picked up the phone. He had no need for conversation or companionship, and his schedule was much too busy for *love* . What he needed was what anyone else needed, something primal and instinctual. A *need* that needed fulfillment .

What he needed was a *professional* .

"Welcome to Black Opium Services. You just make the call, and we deliver for your pleasure. How can I help you?"

Their catchphrase could use some work, he thought with a grimace as he answered and followed up with questions. No matter. As long as it got the job done.

"Of course, sir. We provide complete and total privacy along with our services. Your personal information and data are secured with high-

level encryption and will not be shared with or sold to third parties under any circumstances."

Great. But he'd been in the business world long enough to not trust anyone who could be paid off with money, so an NDA was definitely in order. He praised their discreet services nonetheless. Empty words.

"I'm glad to hear that, sir. May I have a name to get you started just for our records?"

He just hoped that this would be worth his time.

"Vladimir Masters."

To be continued...

2. Chapter 2

It was just another rich dude.

Danny stared at the profile on his laptop, hidden behind his other open tabs. The professor was droning on and on about something important. Whatever. He'd just make it up later.

Not bad. Silver hair. Dark blue eyes. Demanding aura. Danny stared at the picture. He was familiar with the type. After all, this city was as close to Silicon Valley without actually *being* Silicon Valley, and the place was crawling with self-made tech billionaires.

This dude, Vlad, was it? Was probably no different.

His eyes skimmed through his preferences and personality assessments. 'Visitation' required three times a week. Two hours a night. Not a talker. Prefers topping. Cigarette-smoking/recreational marijuana allowed. Trial run required.

Danny's eyes flew down to the hourly rate and almost bugged out of their eye sockets. The man was *swimming* in it.

And he personally requested Danny too.

Danny shut his laptop when class came to an end. He hated to admit it, but he was actually pretty excited about tonight.

The walk back to his dorms wasn't fast enough. He got busy the moment he set his stuff down on his bed.

"Hey, dude. Done with class?" His roommate asked.

"Yup," Danny said and started rummaging the cabinets for clothes. He didn't want to try *too* hard, but there was no harm in looking nice.

"Date tonight?"

Danny laughed. "Something like that." Shower first. Then cologne. Wallet. *Condoms* . It paid to be prepared. His fished something out

from his bookshelf and slipped it into his back pocket.

“Lookin’ busy.”

“Mm-hm.”

Danny knew he didn’t really *need* this. He was a scholarship student, after all, so it wasn’t like he was hurting for tuition money and his grades were fine. But between schoolwork breathing down his neck, and his last relationship still haunting his shadow, he really wasn’t looking for anything beyond what this gig guaranteed.

Mutual casual fun with a little added financial benefit to the side. It suited him just fine.

“Have fun.”

“Thanks. Counting on it.”

The cab ride to Vlad's place was a quiet one, with Danny in the backseat taking in the passing scenery as he left the campus far behind him. His freshly showered hair fell into his eyes and he brushed it back. This was very different from his side of the town. Cozy, crowded apartments gave way to expensive boutique shops and then eventually to iron-gated mansions. Fountains in the front lawn. English ivy on red brick facing the East.

He felt a prick of intimidation worm itself way into his heart.

When Danny got to the front door, he held the lionhead knocker and rapped it three times on the heavy double-doors. He could hear the echoes on the other side. Then footsteps. Measured. Steady. Like time was bound by its rhythm rather than the other way around.

Danny plastered on a smile when the door opened. The words he was trained to say ready on his tongue.

“Hi, I’m Danny. I got your call?”

To be continued...

3. Chapter 3

The boy was even more his type up close than in the pictures.

“Is... everything okay?” The boy asked, and Vlad blinked before regaining his composure and letting him in.

“You’re right on time.” He commented and tried to calm down. “Daniel, is it?”

“Yup,” the boy said. “You have a lovely home.”

“Thank you.”

He led them both into the parlor and made himself comfortable in his favorite chair.

“First things first," Danny said and took a seat on the long couch. He slipped something out of his pocket and passed it over. Vlad unfolded the piece of paper to take a look. It was a blood test report. “Hate to start this off on such a blunt note, but I think the front desk already briefed you on the process anyways. I just want you to know I get tested every week. May I see yours?”

The boy certainly didn’t beat around the bush. Vlad gestured to the coffee table, where a single sheet of his medical report sat along with an NDA. White against mahogany. “Take your time,” he offered.

And he certainly did. Vlad took this opportunity to really look at Danny as he sat there, furrow between his brow as he carefully read the blood test results. His light blue eyes skimmed the documents line by line. His lips a little raw from chewing. Nervousness, perhaps. Lean frame and delicate features. Hair as wild as the wind.

He really was his type, Vlad thought and looked away. There was no need to be too obvious about it.

When Danny was satisfied and signed off on everything, he put it down and shook off his coat.

“It checks out, and you already paid through the app. So, where's the

bedroom?" Danny looked at him expectantly like he was asking for something as innocent as the weather.

W-Wait ... “What?” Vlad stumbled. He was a busy man who appreciated promptness, but this was shocking even by his standards. That was it? Right to business? Wasn't there a buildup to these things? Talking? *Something* to take the edge off before- “Now?”

Something clicked in Danny’s mind. Vlad could tell just by looking at his eyes.

“First time?” Danny smiled. It was cute. And he said it so easily that Vlad found himself nodding.

It should’ve been *embarrassing* . A forty-year-old man married to his job with no sexual outlet. It had been so long since the last time he got some that he was pretty sure he qualified for virgin status again.

Vlad waited for the humiliation to come. But Danny's smile was kind and understanding and kept the feeling at bay.

It was unsettling, Vlad frowned. He wasn’t sure he liked the boy’s influence on him and they haven’t even done anything yet.

“It's okay,” Danny said and took his hand. His hand was smaller than his but warmer. “Why don't we go slow? Do you drink wine?”

Vlad nodded dumbly. He felt himself getting pulled along. "Only when I have to."

"Well, tonight, you're gonna have to."

Too much wine led to small kisses at the corner of Vlad’s mouth. A nice vintage red with a hint of something dark and he felt the boy moan into his mouth and clung on tight. Vlad held his face close and tangled his fingers into dark locks, pulling him closer if it was possible and Danny whimpered in pleasure. Wandering hands caressed his chest and back, appreciating the outlines of abs underneath his dress shirt and thin v-neck sweater. Vlad felt a puff of pride. He knew he had a good physique. He certainly worked hard for it. It seemed that Danny agreed.

At some point, they stumbled into the master bedroom, their clothes littering a trail along the way. There was an awkward hesitation in his movements and Vlad cursed himself. It really has been a while. Thankfully, Danny was intuitive enough to pick up on it and guided his hands to his waist, and then Vlad was falling back onto his own bed.

“Just relax and have fun.” He heard the boy whisper into his ear. He felt Danny kiss him along his neck, stumbling upon that *one* spot and suddenly his body was singing.

The boy really liked to tease, Vlad panted and watched Danny grind seductively on his crotch, his gaze smoldering through the fringes of his hair as he did slow hip rolls. He really was a pretty picture, and Vlad suddenly didn’t know what to do with his hands.

But it didn’t seem Danny minded all that much, judging by the hardening of his bulge trapped within the confines of his briefs. Vlad compulsively palmed it and watched enraptured as Danny slowly rolled his head back, moaning and his hips stuttering at the sensation.

“See? You got it,” Danny panted, encouragingly. “That feels good.”

Vlad didn’t care if he was lying to him. He took the compliment and ran with it. If it was good enough for Danny, it was good enough for him. A voice in the back of his head asked him why he cared about anyone else’s pleasure, especially someone who he *paid* for, but Vlad was too far gone to really pay it any attention.

Tearing off both their briefs, he fished out a small bottle of lube from under the pillow. A hand stopped him and he looked at the boy with confusion.

Danny’s eyes were playful. “You wanna watch?” He asked and Vlad felt like he was going to implode.

Watching Danny fuck himself with his own fingers got Vlad hornier than any porn imaginable. He sat there, cock aching, unable to tear his eyes away as the boy moaned and fingered his own prostate mercilessly, pre-cum dripping out of his own member. Danny’s

cheeks were flushed hot as a little bit of drool started forming at the corner of his mouth, body pulsing as his own fingers hit the bundle of nerves again and again and Vlad had to think twice about where the condoms were so he could hit that.

When Danny sunk onto his dick and bottomed out, Vlad had to calm himself so he wouldn't finish before the fun even started. But when the boy started riding him, hips rolling in that beautiful sinful way, Vlad wasn't sure he could hold on for much longer. He hurriedly grabbed Danny's cock, fingering and smearing the pre-cum across the head before jerking him off. As good as Danny felt, Vlad didn't think he could stomach the embarrassment if he came first.

Whatever he did seemed to work. Danny suddenly got louder, his hips struggling to stay in rhythm as he raced to his own orgasm, letting go all over Vlad's chest. It was such a mess, such a *turn on* , and when Vlad felt Danny clench and tremble around his cock, he felt himself gripping Danny's hips with brute strength, thrusting and following the boy over the edge.

This was exactly what he needed, Vlad thought and laid there, feeling Danny collapse on top of him. This was what he was missing.

When it was over, they sat side by side, passing a single cigarette back and forth and basking in their afterglow, relishing in the drags of nicotine through their lungs. The silence felt warm and cozy. Vlad was more satisfied than he had been in years.

"This was nice," Danny said when the two hours was coming to a close. "I have to be going though ."

"I wouldn't mind seeing you again." Vlad hoped he didn't sound clingy.

"Well, you know how to find me," Danny said and picked up his clothes. "FYI, I'm mostly free on Fridays."

"Hn."

He watched the boy shimmy into his jeans and put on his shirt, mussing his hair in the mirror to look like he didn't just ride his

client to orgasm twenty minutes earlier. Vlad raised an eyebrow when Danny waved before shutting the door to his bedroom close. He heard the footsteps grow fainter, and then the echo of his front door shutting. Just like that, the boy was gone. Vlad suddenly wished he booked for more time.

Daniel Fenton, huh? He smirked and put out his cigarette in the ash tray. He got up, still naked and strolled into the bathroom for a shower.

This was promising.

To be continued...

4. Chapter 4

Danny didn't usually take the promises of billionaires very seriously. So, when Vlad muttered a 'I wouldn't mind seeing you again' in his post-sex haze, Danny politely gave him an open-ended answer and brushed him off.

He wasn't in this game to get emotionally invested. He'd been down that road before and well, he winded up *here* .

So, when his phone ping-ed with a notification, Danny was surprised to see that Vlad had booked him *again* after the trial period was over. Huh.

That was definitely unusual in itself. He was no stranger to the rich treating this city like it was their personal playground, cherry-picking who they wanted and when they wanted them. Coming back for seconds was almost *unheard of* in this crowd. It made sense, Danny thought and shrugged. After all, why would you order the same thing twice on the menu if you could afford to be picky?

He stared at the request, his finger lingering on the 'accept' button. The pay was ridiculously nice, and the guy had a pretty awesome bed with impressive thread-count. But it didn't escape his notice that the man seemed inexperienced and needed some handholding, and Danny wasn't sure if he could put up with that.

In the back of his mind, Danny also hoped it wasn't Vlad's first time, and that this was the beginning of borderline clingy behavior rather than simple satisfaction with his service. Now *that* was definitely something he didn't want to put up with.

Danny moved his thumb over to the 'cancel' button and ended the deal.

It probably wasn't worth the headache.

His hourly rate just went up.

Danny stared at the new number that popped up on his screen. It was *double* the amount he was paid last time, and this Vlad guy was just not letting up.

“Holy shit. What the hell is this guy’s problem?” He muttered and fell back in bed. Damn. Double the pay. It was hard to say no to that.

He dragged his laptop onto his lap to do a cursory search, just to see if this guy was a creep and the company somehow missed it. Nothing. For a billionaire, Vlad Masters hid his dirty laundry very well.

Danny contemplated, wondering why Vlad’s handsome face and the pay raise were making all the red flags look like flags. Fuck. He was such a slut.

He hit the ‘accept’ button and tossed his phone aside, ignoring the building hardness in his jeans.

“You’re persistent.” It was the first thing out of Danny’s mouth when he stepped across front door of Vlad’s home. He shrugged off his coat and tossed it aside, wasting no time to hand over the bloodwork report. Business as usual.

“You take some convincing,” Vlad said, giving it an impatient glance and handing over his own.

“Didn’t know your angle,” Danny said, skimming Vlad’s results. “Not a fan of messy situations.”

“I thought everything in your business is strictly contractual.”

“We like to keep it that way,” Danny said. “But people like you tend to misbehave and mix business with pleasure.”

“Well, I wouldn’t want to misbehave,” Vlad’s chest rumbled with laughter. He was aware how close they were now. “Then tell me, if I'm such a business risk, why are you here?”

Danny leaned in close, his lips brushing against Vlad’s teasingly. His hands slid along the older man’s torso to link together behind his back and he pressed himself to the toned chest. “You made me an

offer I couldn’t refuse,” he whispered, and gasped when Vlad closed in aggressively.

It seemed like Vlad needed very little guidance this time, with the way he tangled his fingers in Danny’s hair, his hand big and warm and holding Danny firmly against him. They stumbled through Vlad’s parlor, scrambling for a flat surface, feeling their needs just a little too urgent to search for the stairs.

Danny’s back hit the couch as he pulled Vlad down on top of him, lips locked in a fierce battle. Hands sunk into fabric, tearing at shirts and loosening belts, and Danny felt his heart race at the sheer speed and panic. Fast fucking was his favorite thing, being pressed for time, roughed up and slapped around and fucked face down, muffling his screams into the pillow. He didn’t know if that was Vlad’s style, but it certainly felt like it was heading that way. Danny moaned at the thought, looking all enticing with his lips swollen and shirt off. But that wasn't what Vlad wanted to see tonight. He yanked Danny up and turned him on his stomach, ass up in the air before bringing a hand down. *Hard* .

There was a stillness in the room as Vlad’s hand collided with the boy’s rump, the sharp ringing of the slap surprising Danny but igniting a fire to his core.

He turned around just enough to look at the man, slack-jawed. “Did you just-”

“Sorry,” Vlad said, calming down and realizing he may have overstepped his boundaries. Fuck. The boy was so his type and he fucked it up. “I didn’t mean-”

“I’m not worried about that,” Danny said breathily, his eyes darkening. He got off the couch and started stripping, sensual and slow like a total tease. Like he knew exactly what he was doing. He got down on all-fours and crawled up in between Vlad’s legs, his face obscenely close to the growing hardness in the man’s pants. Danny guided one of Vlad’s hands to his soft cheek while he fiddled with the pant-zipper, eyes silently testing Vlad to do what he just did again.

Vlad raised an eyebrow, caressing Danny’s face before landing a firm

slap on the boy's cheek. The moan that sprung out of Danny shocked him, the look in those blue eyes did *things* to him, and Vlad felt himself twitch in his briefs with desire. He leaned forward and cupped that gorgeous face close, whispering a promise that left both of them aroused and smiling deviously.

"Oh, we're gonna have a lot of fun."

This time, Danny was inclined to believe him.

To be continued...

5. Chapter 5

It was past the two-hour limit, but they were far from finished.

“You gonna let me leave or what?” Danny panted, laughing and deliriously euphoric. Sweat glistened down his front and rolled off in beads down the gentle dip of his spine, and Danny was pretty sure he looked like some fucked out amateur pornstar with Vlad's cock pounding against his prostate. But *fuck* if it didn't feel good.

If *this* was how the night was going to turn out, he never would've said no the first time.

"No one's stopping you, Daniel." Vlad's voice was smoke and whiskey, washing over Danny all smooth and he shivered. He thrusted hard into the boy's heat, relishing in the moans and cries of 'more' bubbling from Danny’s lips. "The door's right there."

"And the money?"

"You'll want for nothing."

Danny felt his eyes roll back. Damn, what a way to call his bluff. "Just fuck me, baby," he begged. "I'll do whatever you want."

Vlad growled and pressed Danny’s head down onto the mattress, holding him there, making him feel helpless. He leaned over to cage him in, trapping his little prey. “You’re just a little slut,” Vlad whispered hotly into Danny’s ear. “You get wet for my money and my cock, don’t you?”

God, *yes,* Danny wanted to say. Every brush of Vlad’s cock against his prostate made his thighs shook and his cock weep with pre-cum. His drool stained the sheets beneath him as he grabbed onto them desperately, his knuckles bone white. Vlad was unrelenting behind him, his hip thrusts rhythmic and hard. Just the way he liked to be fucked.

A sharp slap landed on Danny’s ass and pulled him back. “ *Don’t you* , Daniel.”

“Yes!” Danny gasped, the pain exploding and sending sharp tingling along his spine and melding perfectly with the pleasure. There would definitely be hand-shaped welts on his butt after this was over, and maybe, if he was lucky, a few bruises too.

Danny felt himself get a little harder and pushed back against Vlad, hungry for more.

Another slap made contact with his tender skin. “Yes, *what* .”

“Ah! Yes-” Danny gasped, his hands tightening in the sheets and arching his back. “I want your cock baby just keep fucking me like that-" Another slap. His skin was *singing* . " *Fuck* -keep doing that holy *shit* -"

Vlad didn’t need to be told twice as he grabbed the boy’s hips and started rough-fucking him into the mattress, hitting his prostate with such precision that it had Danny crying and kicking. The grip on his hips was like iron, but Danny was laughing through his tears as he felt the pain and pleasure blend together so well it had his toes curling. Vlad was being too rough, pounding his cock against the bundle of nerves too fast and too hard and Danny squirmed, his body betraying him and wanting to get away. He didn’t even know oversensitivity before orgasm was a *thing* , but Vlad was surprising him in all kinds of ways tonight.

“I’m *close* ,” Danny moaned. He felt the heat in his belly pull taut from the buildup, teasing right on the edge for release. He wasn’t going to hold on much longer.

Vlad’s voice was dark velvet. “Little slut wants to lose it on my cock?”

“ *Fuck* .” Danny closed his eyes. His vision was fucked anyway and he didn’t know what he was saying anymore. “You feel so good baby I’m gonna come I’m *gonna* -”

Something animalistic came out of his throat, the sound primal as Danny screamed and felt his orgasm slam into him full-force. He pawed at the sheets, trembling from shock and oversensitivity as Vlad thrusted in a few more times before coming with a hard grunt. He felt

the full weight of the man on top of him after he milked himself dry, felt him rest his head on his back, felt his cock still pulsing in him with warmth.

Danny drew a ragged breath and tried to control the mild spasms that rippled through his body. That was probably the hardest he ever came.

“Holy fuck,” he whispered weakly as Vlad tilted his head for a kiss.

He was fucking ruined.

“You didn’t tell me you were into that,” Danny murmured later, lying boneless on the bed with a joint between his fingers. “The slapping.”

“It’s not exactly something I advertise proudly,” Vlad said dryly. “I’m glad to see that you enjoyed it somewhat.”

“Ha. Understatement,” Danny chuckled and winced when he tried to roll over. Red welts in the shape of a hand decorated his skin, overlapping on top of each other like crisscrosses. The moonlight streamed in through the window, illuminating the boy’s silhouette. The gentle dip in his spine, extending to the curve of his butt like a desert’s horizon.

Vlad’s mouth felt dry. “Perhaps, I overdid it.”

“Nah, don’t worry about it,” Danny winked and got comfortable. “Call it a souvenir.”

“Indeed.”

Danny hummed in contentment, feeling the smoke swim through his mind and coating his brain in cotton. “This shit’s smooth,” he commented, blowing a smoke ring into the air.

“It costed a pretty penny,” Vlad said, shooting him a glance. “Are you going to bogart the joint?”

Danny spluttered and coughed, exhaling the thick smoke in quick bursts. “How do you even know that word?” He laughed and handed

it over.

“I know things,” Vlad said softly, holding the joint up to his lips to take a drag. He looked handsome smoking, Danny thought as he traced the outline of Vlad’s jawline with his eyes. Damn. A jaw like that could cut glass.

He blinked and looked around for a clock. “It’s probably getting late,” he said and sat up, searching for his shirt.

“You’re welcome to stay the night.” It sounded almost hopeful.

Danny felt his guard go up. “You’re gonna pay me just to *sleep* next to you?”

“You sound like you disapprove.”

Danny shook his head and pulled his shirt on. “This might sound weird coming from me, but that shows very poor financial judgment,” he chuckled, getting out of bed to search for his pants.

Vlad shrugged. “Says the person who just turned down seven hours of pay for doing essentially *nothing* .”

Danny sat down to pull on his boots. “It's not poor judgment. It’s called *boundaries* ,” he said, smiling. “I’ll see you later.”

“Hn.”

Vlad watched as Danny did the same old routine, searching for his keys and phone and tousling his hair so that it fell in just the right way. The boy paused near the door and turned back to look at him. Vlad was pretty sure he looked like a fucked-out mess.

“I liked the dirty-talk, by the way,” Danny said, lips curling in the shadow like a Cheshire cat. “You’re very surprising.”

“I aim to please.”

Danny looked away for a moment. “...I wouldn’t mind if you bothered me again,” he said quietly.

If Vlad felt surprised, he made sure not to show it. His expression betrayed nothing. “I intend to,” he said.

That was a promise too.

To be continued...

6. Chapter 6

It didn't take long before they were seeing each other on a weekday.

Danny blamed his hormones. He was a college student, just shy of nineteen, with little money and *very* horny. It didn't help that Vlad seemed to have gone through a steep learning curve, picking up his erotic zones and sensitive spots with the knowing touch of a longtime lover.

A part of him warned him that this was a bad idea, that he shouldn't be at *his* mansion on a Tuesday, his knees hot against the floor with Vlad's dick in his mouth, deepthroating way too enthusiastically for someone who gets paid to fuck around. But Vlad always met him halfway, edging him to the brink of frustration before pulling him back and catching him as he fell apart in his hands. Twice.

To think he missed his last class for this.

It wasn't his smartest choice, Danny thought lazily as Vlad held him close, caressing and feeling him all over greedily. He had been here for a solid three hours now, and if he didn't make it back to the dorms soon then he was never going to start on all that studying he promised to do.

The other part of him laughed at his feeble attempts to be rational. After three orgasms in a row, who the fuck cares?

"Can't stay long," Danny muttered weakly. His body felt like jelly. "Gotta go soon."

"That's a lie," Vlad said and kissed him softly. Ears, nose, lips. Danny felt his defense breaking.

"Stop enabling me." Danny ran his hands through soft strands of hair, silver in the moonlight.

"Stop trying to leave," Vlad chuckled. "You'll make it easier on both of us."

"Not trying to make it easy," Dany whispered flirtatiously. "Need you

to keep wanting it."

"It's surprising that you think you need to try at all."

Alarm bells sounded in Danny's head, his sense of self-preservation kicking in and telling him to *leave* . Leave *now* . But then Vlad started kissing that spot behind his ear, sending tingles through his spine, and Danny felt at a loss for words suddenly.

He never left that night.

"Where have you been?" His roommate asked one day. "Dude, are you just getting back now? It's eight in the morning."

"Ah, been...busy." Danny mumbled. He looked quite slovenly. Hair flopping all over the place and his shirt half unbuttoned. His threw his jacket over the back of his chair and collapsed on his bed.

"I'll say, you look like you stayed up all night," his roommate laughed. "Got lucky?"

Danny laughed, a sudden rush of air out of his lungs. "You have no idea."

Apparently, his willpower was a complete joke. When he finally woke up this morning in his client's bed, tangled up in sheets and Vlad, Danny felt a panic course through him.

He thought he knew himself better than this.

Quietly, he had slipped out from Vlad's embrace, gathered his things and his sense of control, before fleeing out the door. He didn't even stay long enough to settle the score.

"How do you feel?"

Danny pondered. "Divine exhaustion," he sighed begrudgingly.

"Damn. Usually, people sound happier than that after good sex."

"Hn. It's complicated," Danny said, unbuttoning his shirt and taking

it off. “I’m taking a shower.”

“Cool.”

His phone went off as he dragged his tired ass to the bathroom. Danny glanced at it, his other hand securing his towel around his waist. Apparently, Vlad had woken up only to discover that Danny was gone.

And he was *not* happy about it.

Where are you? The text read.

Danny rolled his eyes and tossed the phone next to his shower caddy. Here it comes, he thought and stepped into the warm spray of water. The clinginess.

Distantly, he heard his phone buzz a few more times.

When he was done cleaning himself thoroughly, washing away the evidence of last night, Danny sat on his bed to assess the damage. Pissing off a client was never a good thing, and Danny didn’t want his involvement to hurt his chances with others.

I don’t remember giving you permission to leave. It read. *I would call this unprofessional, Daniel.*

I hope you understand that you should set your designated hours ***before*** *a meet up* , Danny typed back. *I have places to be. I can’t just be at your beck and call around the clock. This is not what the service is about.*

If I recall, you certainly didn’t have trouble being flexible the last two times. Vlad responded. Danny could feel the smugness through the phone.

That was on a weekend. Danny typed back aggressively. *I made an exception this one time on a weekday. For you! Maybe I shouldn’t do that anymore.*

There was a pause, and Danny waited impatiently for the three dots on the screen to stop.

This Saturday. It read. *Accompany me to a business dinner.*

You have a lot of nerve to demand more of my time! Danny said bitingly. *I don't do dinner dates. It's not on my profile.*

You will for me. Vlad responded, and Danny felt himself bristle in anger. *Unless you don't want to see payment for yesterday night.*

What?

You can't just not pay me! Danny typed. He was pacing angrily now. Dammit! He knew he shouldn't have left before getting the money. *That's against the rules!*

So? Vlad was smiling, he knew it. *As I understand it, you also broke the rules, Daniel. You overstayed past the agreed time, so this makes you as guilty as I am.*

"That's because you-!" Danny cursed. The sick bastard!

"Huh?" His roommate stared at him.

"Nothing. Nevermind," Danny sighed and sat back down on the bed. Apparently, Vlad wasn't done making his case.

One could argue that you were soliciting me for more money than was agreed upon, which is also against your rules, as I understand. The text read.

Danny felt like the rug was being pulled out from under him. He was fucked, and he couldn't afford to be banned from the app. Vlad could probably just find a good time in someone else, but Danny would be left out in the cold. *You **pay** me this Saturday. What time is dinner?* He asked, thoroughly annoyed.

I knew you would come around, little badger. Vlad responded. *7:30PM sharp. I'll send you something to wear.*

Fuming, Danny threw his phone on the bed. Fine. So he'll go to dinner with the asshole, Danny thought to himself. He'll order the most expensive items on the menu. Lobster. Steak. Vintage wine. Just to piss Vlad off!

A notification sounded. Danny stared at the text like it offended him.

I miss you.

“Fuck you, Vlad.”

To be continued...

7. Chapter 7

“You look nice.”

“Shut up,” Danny retorted. He subtly tugged on his dress pants a little and straightened his outfit. “We’re getting this over with, and you’re paying me when it’s over.”

Vlad took the curt attitude on the chin. “You could’ve at least worn the tie,” he said critically, inspecting Danny’s outfit. It was simple, black blazer over a crisp white oxford shirt with dress pants and shoes to match. The shirt was unbuttoned at the top, probably done on purpose. It felt very casual but not out of place, something Danny could pull off easily.

“I don’t do ties.”

Vlad rolled his eyes and opened the car door. Young people these days lacked subtlety.

The drive to the restaurant was a quiet one, with Danny fiddling with his phone and Vlad keeping his attention on the road. He couldn’t help but sneak glances at Danny every once in a while.

“I understand that this may be your first time attending an event this formal,” Vlad said, trying to start conversation. “If anyone asks, you’re my date for the evening. Unless, you’re uncomfortable with that.”

Danny nodded and looked over. “I’m fine with it. But people know you’re gay?”

“My boy, it’s probably the least interesting thing about me that I openly disclose,” Vlad replied.

“And people don’t give you shit for it?”

Vlad shrugged. “They’ve tried.”

“And what did you do?”

“I made them *stop*.” It was the calm and succinct way Vlad delivered the promise, sharp and cutting that it sent chills down Danny’s spine. This wasn’t a man to be messed with, he realized. In that moment, he felt fortunate that Vlad was so receptive to his smart mouth. If the man wanted to, he could’ve ended Danny’s short-lived stint as an escort long ago.

Maybe the best course of action was to be a little more careful.

“I can play the part. Just don’t expect me to lay it on thick,” Danny muttered.

Vlad chuckled. “You wouldn’t see me put up a fight about that,” he said with a smirk. “I can always make you surrender yourself to me in other ways.”

Danny blushed and immediately chastised himself. He hated the way Vlad could make him feel sometimes.

“Did you wear it?” Vlad’s voice was masculine, suggestive. Danny squirmed in his seat, body tingling for a whole different reason.

“Yes.” His voice sounded small.

Vlad smiled, his eyes on the road. He didn’t have to look at Danny to know he had the young man right where he wanted him. “Good,” he purred.

Danny silently wished for the ride to end.

The evening was going pretty smoothly, albeit a bit mundane.

Danny looked around, peacefully chewing a piece of the best steak he’s ever had. It was a *perfect* medium rare. And while he wouldn’t voluntarily order risotto and asparagus on a normal day, Danny had to admit that it tasted amazing.

If only he could give it an emoji review. The ‘chef’s kiss’ emoticon seemed like the perfect choice.

“Enjoying yourself?” Vlad asked teasingly, reaching out to wipe the

corner of Danny's lips with his thumb. His motions deliberately slow. "You've got a little something there."

Danny's mind raced as he stared at the man's dark blue eyes. They stared back with an air of mischief, fingers delicately holding his chin. "What do you think you're doing?" He whispered, eyes flickering toward the table of well-dressed socialites.

Vlad was having a hard time concentrating on the dinner event. "Testing my self-control," he said softly, thumb tracing the delicate cupid bow of Danny's lips sensually.

A daredevil streak shot through Danny's nerves as he licked his lips with hooded eyes, his tongue poking out and accidentally brushing against Vlad's appendage. Vlad's eyes darted toward the flash of pink and his grip on the boy's chin tightened before letting go.

"Well played," Vlad smirked, his attention back on the guests. Danny said nothing, choosing to silently drink his water instead.

A few courses and a dessert later, Danny was starting to get *really* bored and antsy.

He checked his watch a couple of times and leaned with his elbow on the table, wishing for the night to end. There wasn't much he had in common with these people, at least, not anything that could be discussed out in the open. He watched the happy duos in their fancy outfits, parading around the room like it was their personal show. He briefly wondered how many of them were in similar arrangements like him and Vlad, and if the men in here had 'side interests' hidden across the city, each in their individual apartments, waiting for the next text for a meet-up.

It wouldn't surprise him. Danny may be young, but he's mature enough to know that if people were desperate enough, they would do just about anything. Leading secret lives was just the tip of the iceberg.

Just then, his eyes fell on a familiar face and he felt his body tense up.

“Shit.” Danny felt his heart rattle with anxiety as he got up and made a beeline for the bathroom. “ *Shit* .”

He wasn’t anticipating on bumping into past clients at this thing.

Danny all but ran into the men’s bathroom and slipped into one of the stalls, locking the door for good measure. He pulled down the toilet lid and sat on it, feeling panicked.

Of *course* . He should’ve been smarter and realized that Vlad’s circle of pals would mean the occasional run-in with an old client or two, whether he liked it or not. But while he accepted it theoretically as a possibility, seeing it play out in reality was a whole different story.

Truth of the matter was, he felt cornered. He *wasn't* okay. He wasn’t okay with seeing the guy he had two hookups with and then ghosted. He wasn’t okay with seeing the guy’s wife next to him, completely clueless about her husband’s inclinations in the bedroom. He wasn’t okay with being forced to come here tonight, no matter how enjoyable the evening.

He *wasn’t* okay with Vlad blackmailing him, dangling the promise of money over his head.

That last one made him feel extra bitter.

Danny rubbed his face nervously. He thought he had a good handle on it. He controlled this job, not the other way around. So, why did it feel like he was being yanked out of the driver’s seat?

A knock on his stall door interrupted his mental spiral.

“Daniel?” It was Vlad. “Are you in here?”

“Go away.”

“Daniel, let me in.”

It was like his hand had a mind of its own, unlocking the stall door before Danny could even process what he was doing. Vlad slipped into the small space, blocking the exit behind him. He crouched down slowly until they were at eye-level with each other, dark blue

meeting light blue.

“Care to explain to me what happened out there?” Vlad asked, his tone careful.

But Danny didn’t feel like sharing. “Are you going to keep up your end of the deal tonight?” He asked instead, eyes downcast. “I don’t want to be a dick, but I don’t know how much longer I can do this.”

Vlad was silent as he stared at the young man in front of him. Danny was usually so much more guarded than this, and full of wit too. But not tonight. “Then let’s get you home,” he said, standing back up.

Danny looked up in surprise. “But what about the dinner?” He asked.

“I’m sure there are many other places to buy overpriced steak,” Vlad smiled. “Come, let’s get your coat. I’ll drive you back to campus.”

Despite his relief, Danny couldn’t help but ask. “We’re not going to your place?”

“I don’t think you’re up for that tonight.”

As they walked out of the lobby to the coatroom, Danny felt his pocket buzz. He fished his phone out to check his notifications, his eyes widening in shock at he stared at the small blurb from his escort app.

Vlad Masters has completed his request.

The man in question, however, didn’t say anything. He made no comments about it as he draped the coat over Danny’s shoulders and guided him to the valet, and he didn’t mention anything as they drove back to campus. Danny sat back against his seat as the car radio played slow jazz, the street lamps outside illuminating their way back to the city.

For the first time that night, Danny felt like he could breathe.

To be continued...

8. Chapter 8

A week and a half went by with no message from Vlad, but it only took Danny a few days to get the hint that this was the man's way of offering him an out.

Danny should be grateful. There were a lot of ways that evening could've gone, and he lucked out with Vlad. He knew he should just take it and thank the *gods* that he didn't make an enemy out of someone with so much power and influence. Learn his lesson. Choose his clients carefully. No repeat mistakes.

And that's exactly what he did. He scheduled a date with a random client that Saturday, using his newfound freedom as momentum to move on. But as the evening progressed and his client continued to bore him, Danny started to wonder if death by dull conversation was even worth the money.

If the company was bad, then the sex was worse. It wasn't until Danny caught himself yawning mid-fuck that he knew this was a mistake. *Nothing* , in his book, was worse than bad sex.

The man grunted from his position behind him, thrusting in sloppily while Danny supported his weight against the back of the couch. He made some half-hearted attempt at dirty talk to be seductive, not that his client was paying much attention anyway. Vlad would pay attention, Danny thought to himself and then felt surprised that the other man came to mind.

"Yeah, you like that I'm fucking you like this, sweetheart?" His client panted behind him, and Danny tried not to roll his eyes at the cheesy pet-name. Vlad would *never* call him that. Vlad always knew how to handle him in bed, bending him to his limits and taking him roughly, knowing *exactly* how he wanted it without asking all these dumb fucking questions.

Danny eventually came, jerking off to the thought of Vlad fucking him over the couch. His client, of course, didn't notice a thing.

When he got back to the dorms, Danny hit the showers, scrubbing

hard and washing away traces of his escapade. Something about tonight made him feel gross, a feeling that he'd never associated with this line of work before.

Or specifically, with *Vlad* before.

He tried to push away the thought, scared to encourage it further.

It was midnight by the time Danny slipped back into his dorm room, trying his hardest to not wake his roommate. He quietly rummaged through his drawers, looking for spare underwear and some basketball shorts. Digging through his clothes, his hands brushed against something silky, and Danny knew what it was before he even saw it.

He took it as a sign.

It was absolutely bewildering that Danny found himself on Vlad's front stoop on a Saturday night, torn between ringing the doorbell and wasting another ten bucks on a cab ride home. What if the man was sleeping? What if he wasn't even home?

Danny thought about just turning around and going back to the dorms. He didn't think he could stomach the cold rejection face to face. It would be humiliating, coming all this way just to be sent back, and his sense of self-preservation has been taking quite a few hits lately.

He pulled out his phone instead.

Hey, he wrote. *Remember that gift you had me wear? I still have it.*

What are you implying? Came the response. Danny felt his hands shake, his heart spiking with building excitement.

He chose his next words carefully. *I just think...it'd be a shame if it went to waste, don't you?*

The answer was swift. *If you don't get here within 20 minutes, I'm coming to get you, Daniel.*

Danny didn't need any further encouragement.

He rang the doorbell repeatedly and waited with anticipation as familiar footsteps descended the stairs and came closer to the door. It swung open in his face, and before Danny could say a word, a hand reached out to yank him through the threshold.

Vlad's kiss hurt and bruised but Danny never felt more like himself. He clung to the man, molding himself to the strong contours of his chest and breathing him in. Vlad smelled like burnt whiskey, a hint of something dark and spicy, and Danny suddenly didn't know how to behave. Strong arms hoisted him up by his thighs and Danny wrapped his legs around Vlad's strong core, his kisses hard and desperate.

"Took you long enough," Vlad whispered harshly, wasting no time to carry Danny up the stairs to bed.

"You knew I'd come back?" Danny panted into his mouth. His fingers reached up to pull at Vlad's hairband, setting his long silver hair loose and flowing.

"Call it a hunch."

Vlad pressed Danny against the bedroom door harshly, arms and legs tangled with his body. "Keep thinking about you," Danny moaned, angling his neck as Vlad trailed his lips against his pulse. Rough callous hands traveled, caressing Danny's subtle curves slowly, savoring him like a fine wine.

"Miss these hands on me," Danny gasped as Vlad bit down on his neck, suckling his skin hard enough to bruise. Danny welcomed the pain, arching his back seductively to grind against Vlad's hardening bulge. He felt his back leave the door and saw the world tilt, and before he knew it, Danny was on the bed, skin against cool satin sheets.

It seemed Vlad preferred to talk with his hands tonight, impatiently undressing the boy to get to his soft skin underneath. Two buttons popped off in his haste to rid the boy of his shirt, but Danny tossed it aside carelessly. It was hardly a deterrent.

Seeing Danny spread apart beneath him, completely bare and vulnerable, Vlad felt himself groan with satisfaction. His fingers dug into his own pants zipper, rushing to free his member from its confinement. Something about the way Danny was staring at him made him desperate. *Hungry* . And he knew the perfect way to get what he wanted.

His fingers went to Danny's lips. "Open up for me, petal," Vlad said gently. Danny whimpered and opened his mouth, just enough to take his fingers in. Vlad felt a soft wet tongue wrap around his digits, and cursed his sense of control.

"You're good at that, aren't you?" He watched, enraptured as Danny sucked on his fingers eagerly. "Made to suck cock. Look at you and your little filthy mouth. Taking me so well."

Danny moaned, extremely turned on by the dirty talk. His own hand traveled South, searching for his own pleasure.

But Vlad wouldn't let him have it. He slapped Danny's hand away and dragged him closer by his thighs, wet fingers out of the boy's mouth and against his puckering hole before pushing in. Danny gasped with a smile, his eyes and head rolling back, greedily taking in everything Vlad was giving him.

"You're loose," Vlad frowned, pausing in his prep. He stared at Danny. "Did you see someone else?"

This was probably a good time to lie, Danny thought. He didn't owe Vlad any explanation. Not really. But somehow, he found himself nodding slowly. His skin crawled with anticipation of what the man might do.

Vlad's eyes darkened with something dangerous, and Danny felt his gut drop. "How many times did he have you?" The man hissed, his fingers dug into Danny harshly and unintentionally brushed against his prostate.

"W-Wha-" Danny just saw stars. "W-What's it to you?" He stuttered, hips jerking and body writhing.

“I just want to know,” Vlad growled and pulled his fingers out with an audible pop. He flipped the boy over with ease and pressed Danny’s head into the pillows with his ass up. “I just want to know why you’re such a fucking *cockslut* who can’t keep his legs closed.”

Danny couldn’t tell if Vlad was being serious, but his anger made his heart do things. “I’ll fuck who I want,” he said, feeling brave.

It was the wrong thing to say.

“Oh, you *do* , do you?” Vlad chuckled darkly, and Danny felt him shift from behind. “It’s obvious he didn’t fuck you right, or else you wouldn’t be *mouthing off* .”

And without warning, Vlad buried his cock deep into Danny.

It still hurt, and Danny made that point very apparent as he hissed and cried out. He struggled unsuccessfully against Vlad’s iron hold on his hips, not used to the painful stretch to accommodate the man’s dick. He was right all along; his client’s cock had nothing on Vlad’s.

“So?” Vlad grunted, leaning close to Danny’s ear he started thrusting hard. He didn’t give a fuck about Danny’s pleasure tonight. “Was he any good? Did you moan for him like a bitch in heat?”

Danny’s mouth hung open, body taut as his little hole took the abuse. He wanted to say something back, something to soothe the man’s pride. But even at Vlad’s most inconsiderate moment, Danny felt his body sing with waves of pleasure as his prostate was being tormented. His drool stained the sheets beneath him and he let his eyes roll back.

“You liked his cock in you, didn’t you? It doesn’t matter whose cock it is, as long as it breeds you right, is that it?”

Danny shook his head frantically. It wasn’t true. “N-No.”

“No?” Vlad smirked, pulling out and wrestling Danny onto his back. Before the boy could protest at the loss of fullness, Vlad had plunged back in, not breaking his hard rhythm. “Then tell me, whose dick you want inside you.”

Danny so desperately wanted to tell him, but his head was lost in a cloud of pleasure and he couldn't find his voice. He pawed at Vlad's chest instead, needy and wanting to please. *You* , he wanted to say. *He meant nothing. No one could ever give it to me as good as you.*

It wasn't good enough of an answer though.

Vlad grabbed Danny forcibly by his chin, his grip unyielding and his eyes hard. "Look at me and tell me," he growled. "Just who the fuck you belong to."

"Y-You," Danny said brokenly through his moans. There were tears in his eyes as he sobbed, openly pleading with Vlad to go easy on him. Just for a moment, Vlad's expression softened into an expression Danny couldn't decipher.

"Petal, if you want me to believe you, you'll have to scream louder," Vlad said deceptively soft before ramming his dick into Danny's prostate mercilessly.

Danny screamed as he arched off the bed. " *You!* " He cried, feeling the sweet buildup pulling at his abdomen. He was racing toward his orgasm fast. "I-I belong to you!"

It was exactly what Vlad wanted to hear. "And don't you *fucking forget it* ," he snarled and thrusted into Danny a few more times before pushing the boy over the edge and letting him release all over both their chests. Vlad didn't hold out much longer after that. The sight of Danny moaning and writhing from oversensitivity and covered in his own cum proved to be too much and gave the man the release he desperately needed. Vlad's hips stuttered as he emptied himself inside of Danny, falling on top of the boy the moment he got too tired to prop himself up. Danny didn't mind, and reached up to pull the man closer, sweat and cum mingling between them.

"That wasn't too difficult," Vlad laughed breathlessly and rolled off of Danny slowly. "As long as we've come to an agreement."

"That wasn't an agreement, that was..." Danny grasped for the right words. He was still suffering from sex brain. "Seduction tactic. It's manipulation."

“The lady doth protest too much,” Vlad said, and snickered when Danny playfully shoved him.

The blush was visible on the boy’s cheeks. “You can’t just seduce me to make me forgive you.”

Vlad chuckled deeply and rolled over to look at his sweet boy. He cupped Danny’s face lovingly and leaned in for a kiss. “My boy, you already have.”

To be continued...

9. Chapter 9

“What a waste,” Danny said and dangled the ripped black panties in front of him. They never really stopped to appreciate Danny in them last night, since both of them were much too horny to care about something like that. Not that neither of them was complaining, of course.

Vlad took them and tossed them into the bin. “I wouldn’t say that,” he said. “It did bring you back to me, after all.”

Danny smiled lazily and stretched in bed, naked and surrounded by white sheets. “What time is it?” He tousled his hair, squinting his eyes at the morning light washing in from the grand bedroom windows.

“It’s seven in the morning,” Vlad said, buttoning his cuffs. “I’m running a little late for work, but I can hardly complain after the night we had.”

Danny blushed and sat up slowly. “It’s Sunday though.”

Vlad chuckled and straightened his tie in front of the body mirror. “If you want to make a lot of money, you can’t complain about the hours.”

Danny nodded. “I should get out of your hair then,” he said, throwing the covers aside.

“Stay.” Vlad rounded the bed and sat down next to him. “I have something I want to ask you.”

“You don’t have to pay me, if that’s what you’re asking,” Danny said, his fists full of white bed sheets. He always hated this part. The awkward conversations around money. This is why he preferred *rules* . The app had rules.

“That wasn’t what I wanted to ask, but thank you for making that clear, at least.” Vlad reached up to play with a lock of Danny’s hair. “I have a proposition for you.”

Danny seemed cautious. “Oh? You got a piss fetish I don’t know about?” He asked dryly.

Vlad seemed disgusted at the idea. “Dear Lord, no,” he grimaced. “Please don’t tell me you’ve been partaking in those sorts of activities.”

“Alright, I won’t tell you,” Danny smiled cheekily. Vlad couldn’t tell if he was serious or not.

“Anyways, I wanted to discuss a potential partnership that could mutually benefit us both,” Vlad continued. “I’m well aware of the rate you charge for your escorting services, and I’m willing to double your monthly profits in exchange for your company.”

Danny narrowed his eyes. “You wanna be my sugar daddy.”

“I prefer recreational fiduciary, but yes,” Vlad said. “Yes, I do.”

“Uh-huh,” Danny said and regarded the man suspiciously. “And what do you want in return?”

“Exclusivity,” Vlad said. “And this includes not only clients, but also...any *personal* relationships you may feel tempted dabbling in.”

Danny shook his head and looked off to the side. This was not what he expected first thing in the morning. “You know, you always do this,” he said and reached for his shirt, but his tone was light so Vlad knew he wasn’t mad. “You love making things complicated right after sex.”

“Perhaps, but you can’t tell me that this isn’t a good offer,” Vlad said, smiling. “Miles better than what we have currently.”

“Right now, it’s purely transactional,” Danny argued, buttoning his shirt. His fingers paused when they found the loose threads where two buttons used to be. “What you’re asking from me is a *lot* more.”

“I’m asking for your company and exclusivity.”

“No, you’re asking for commitment,” Danny said and ran his fingers through his hair. This was starting to get stressful. “And how can you

even guarantee this will work? You don't know anything about me."

At that, Vlad had to laugh. "That may be true, but why try to deny what is obvious, Daniel," he purred and leaned close to Danny's face. "We have *chemistry* ."

"That's true," Danny said. "But if you only want me for sex alone, then what's wrong with the system we have now? It works better this way."

"Is it really better?" Vlad frowned and leaned back. "I misinterpreted the boundaries and almost scared you away. You broke the rules and overstayed your contractual limit. And now you're here under unofficial capacity. What does this make us exactly?"

Danny looked away. The man made some good points he couldn't refute.

Vlad sighed and reached out to grasp Danny's hand. "I know you prefer rules, but it's not working. I think you know this. So, I'm proposing we set up our own parameters. It's in your best interest to consider it too."

Danny nodded slowly. Out of all of his clients, Vlad was the one who gave him the most headache, but also some of his best orgasms. Danny didn't want to let that go, but the thought of committing himself to one person sent his anxiety skyrocketing. Was it worth the risk? How long would he have to do this? What if he wanted to call it off after a while? Would Vlad fight him on it?

But the prevailing question above them all was...what if they did this and ended up hating each other?

Danny didn't want that either.

His concern was visible on his face, and Vlad leaned forward to kiss him on the forehead. "What do you say, petal?" He asked softly, and Danny's stomach flipped at the nickname. He was so going to regret this later. Ah, screw it.

Ocean eyes met midnight blues, like strong waves colliding with the sky.

“Let’s do it.”

To be continued…